

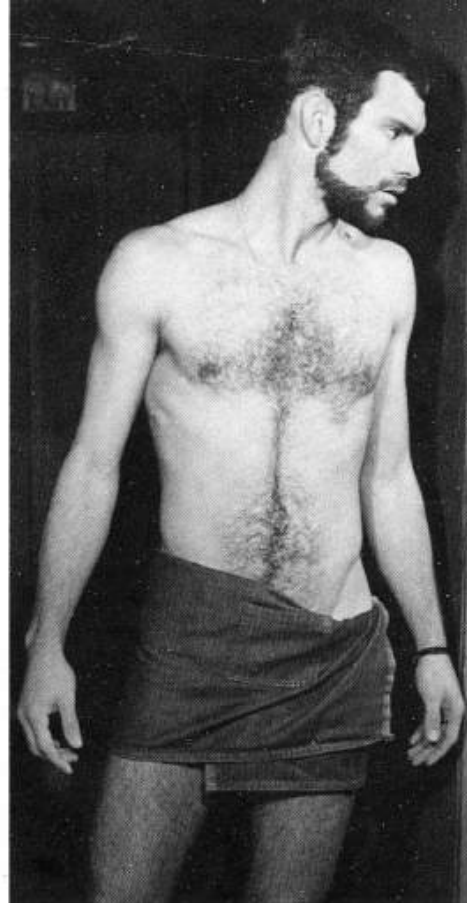
A NIGHT AT THE BATHS

\$6.



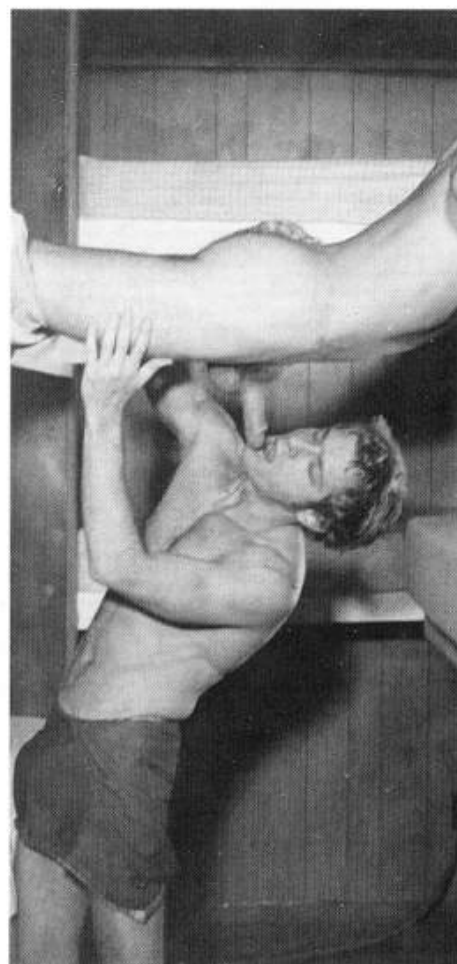
show
hard
no6

ADULTS ONLY



a night at the baths





A NIGHT AT THE BATHS, SH NO. 6, MARCH 1977, is published quarterly by London Enterprises Limited and distributed by Lyndon Distributing Limited, 15756 Arminta Street, Van Nuys, California 91406. No portion of this publication may be reproduced in any form without written permission from the publisher. Copyright © 1977 by London Enterprises Limited.

Manuscripts and illustrations must be accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope; the publisher cannot assume responsibility for the safe return of unsolicited material. We do not release any information about or sell photographs of any models appearing in this magazine. Any similarity between persons living or dead and characters named in fiction or semi-fiction is entirely coincidental. All photographs used for any purpose in this magazine, except of public figures, are posed by professional models and neither the photographs nor the words accompanying them describe, or are meant to be understood as, the actual personality or conduct of the model.







you do for fun, anyway? All day long you're getting it on with some of the sexiest models in Hollywood for my cameras. So what do you do at night?"

So I told him about this private club I belong to, a sort of bath-house and fantasy center where anything—absolutely *anything*—goes. Anyway, to make a long story short, he thought it would be a fabulous idea to base a magazine on what goes on in the club, and of course I did, too, since I love the place so much. So I called the club's owners and got permission for us to shoot some pictures there, and that very night we went on over and shot the pictures in this book.

The place is called the *Salon Erotique*, which is a piss-elegant way of saying Sex Parlor, but since most of the guys there aren't all that piss-elegant, we all just call it "The Saloon." It's a kind of "in" place, so if you're ever in

One time at a fancy banquet, the speaker started out by saying, "Jack Wrangler really needs no introduction . . ." and then went on for another half hour introducing me!

I don't really know whether I need to be introduced to you or not, but chances are if you've read many of these magazines before, you'll know me. In any case, my name is Jack Wrangler, and it's been my pleasure to have been in a good many of these adult entertainment books, and hopefully to have brought some entertainment to you adults who read them.

One day not long ago, after I'd spent several hours slaving over a hot number while my photographer, Barry, recorded it all for my last book, I was sitting around with Barry and shooting the bull while he packed up his equipment.

"Jack," he said, "I've been wondering. What does a guy like



Hollywood, and you hear somebody speaking knowledgeably about "The Saloon," just remember this book and let your imagination run wild with you!

One of the rules of the club is that you leave your clothes behind you at the door. You're allowed a towel inside, but absolutely nothing else. Barry got a kick out of the fact that for the first time he would be shooting a bunch of naked guys while he was naked himself. (He often gets naked for little after-shooting sessions, but he's a pro, and he never mixes business with pleasure.)

Our first stop was in a room called "The Bunkhouse," which is all done up like—would you believe it?—a bunkhouse. And sprawled out on a top bunk, looking every bit as lovely as always, was a hunky dude named Stan Marshall. He's got one of the greatest sets of buns in town, and the rest of him is just as good,

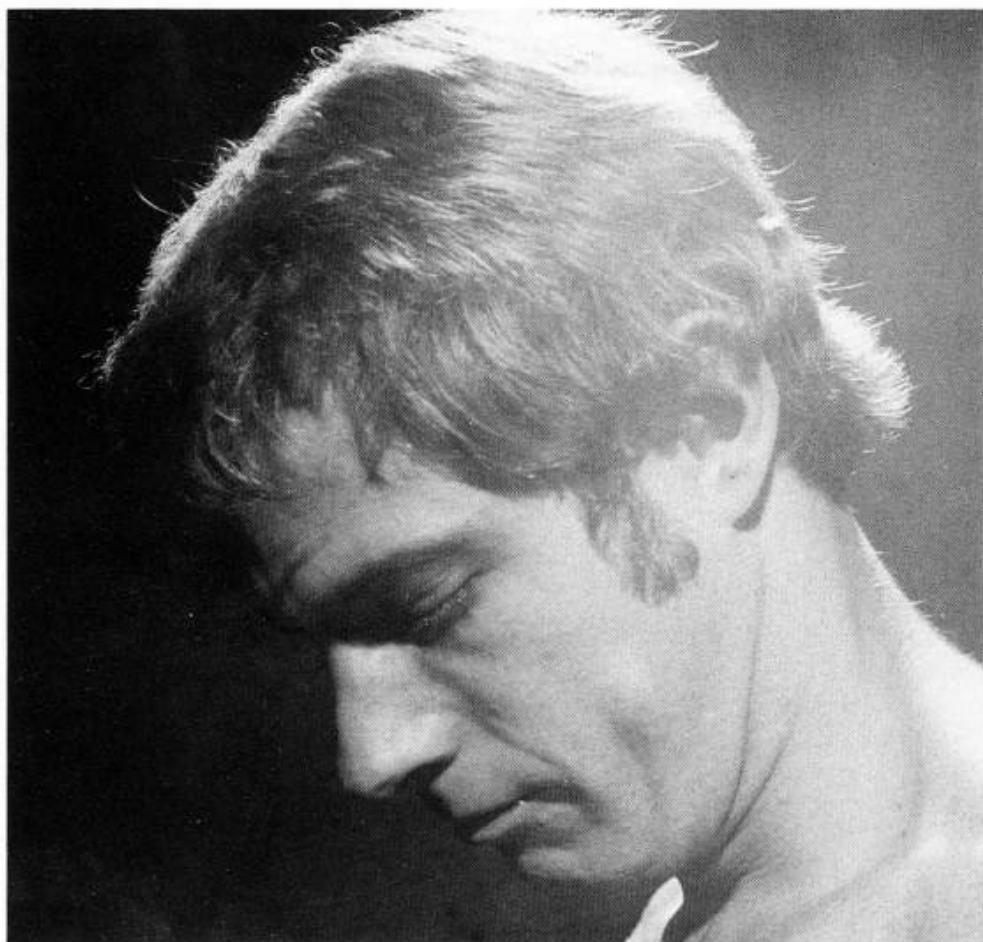
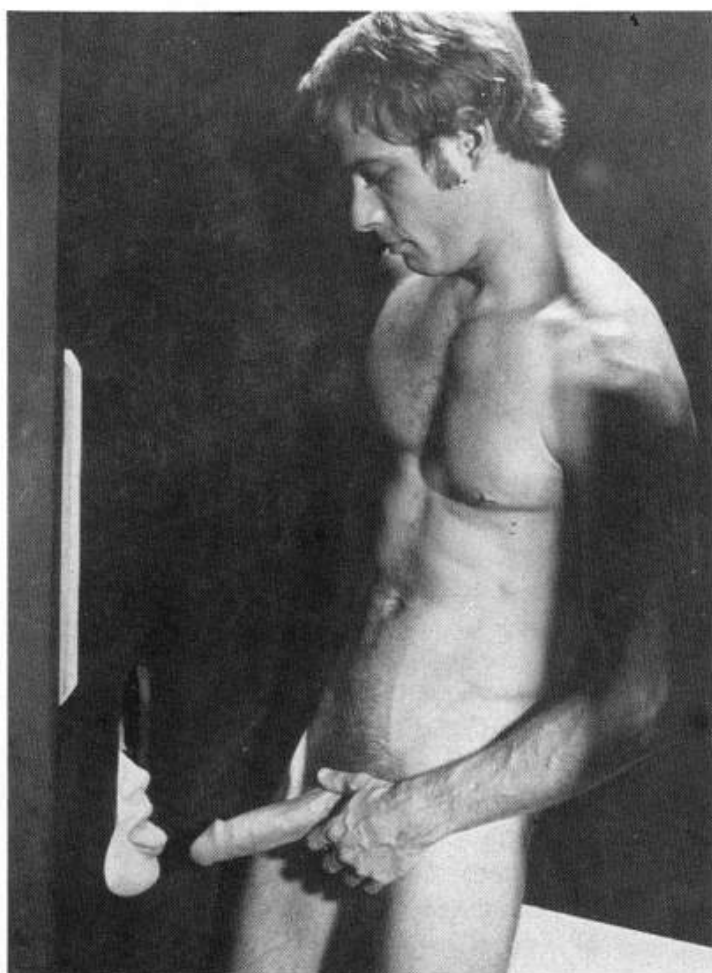


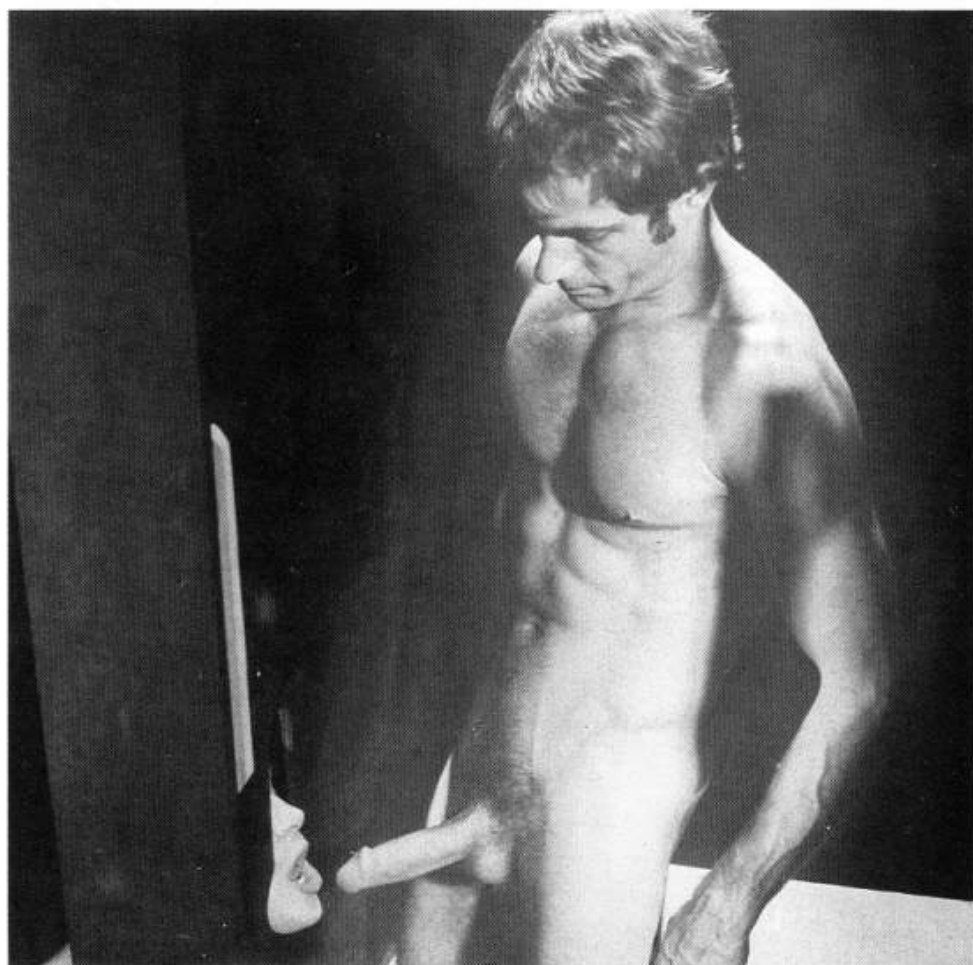
too!

We told Stan what we were doing, and he thought it was great. "I've always wanted to be in one of those books with you, Jack," he said excitedly—silver-tongued devil that he is.

In less time than it takes to tell it, Stan had managed to stretch himself across the gap between two rows of bunk beds, hanging between them with his stiff hard-on swaying back and forth before me. While the photographer snapped these great shots, I had myself a little fun, sucking on that mammoth, tasty joint and running my eager hands up and down the length of that muscular, smooth-skinned body.

Stan rolled his hips back and forth provocatively as I took his meat into my mouth and savored its manly flavor. I gripped his beautifully rounded buns in my hands. They were taut and firm

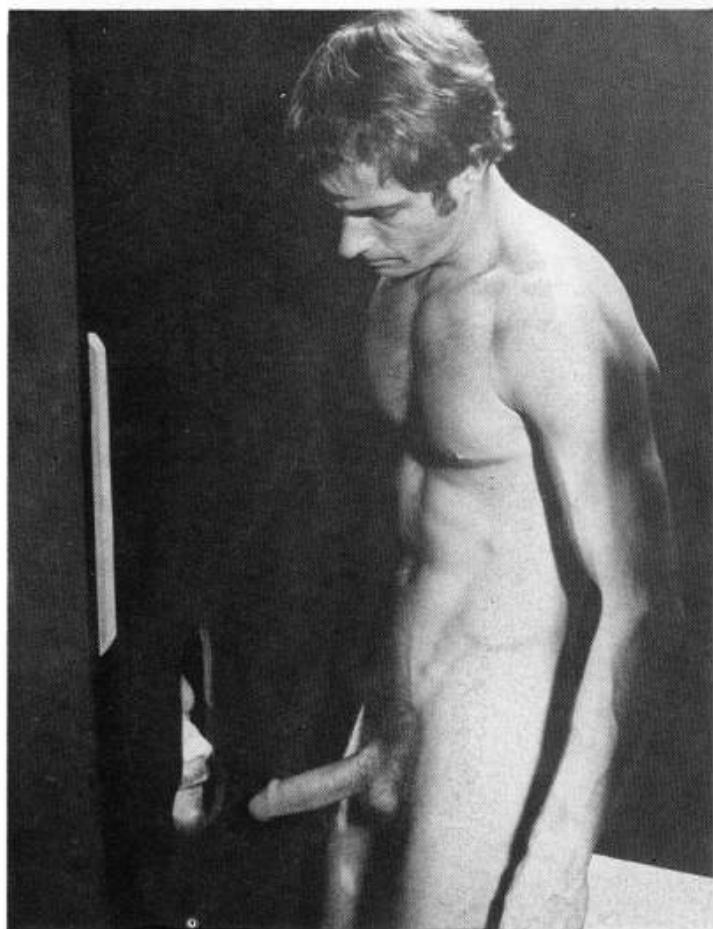


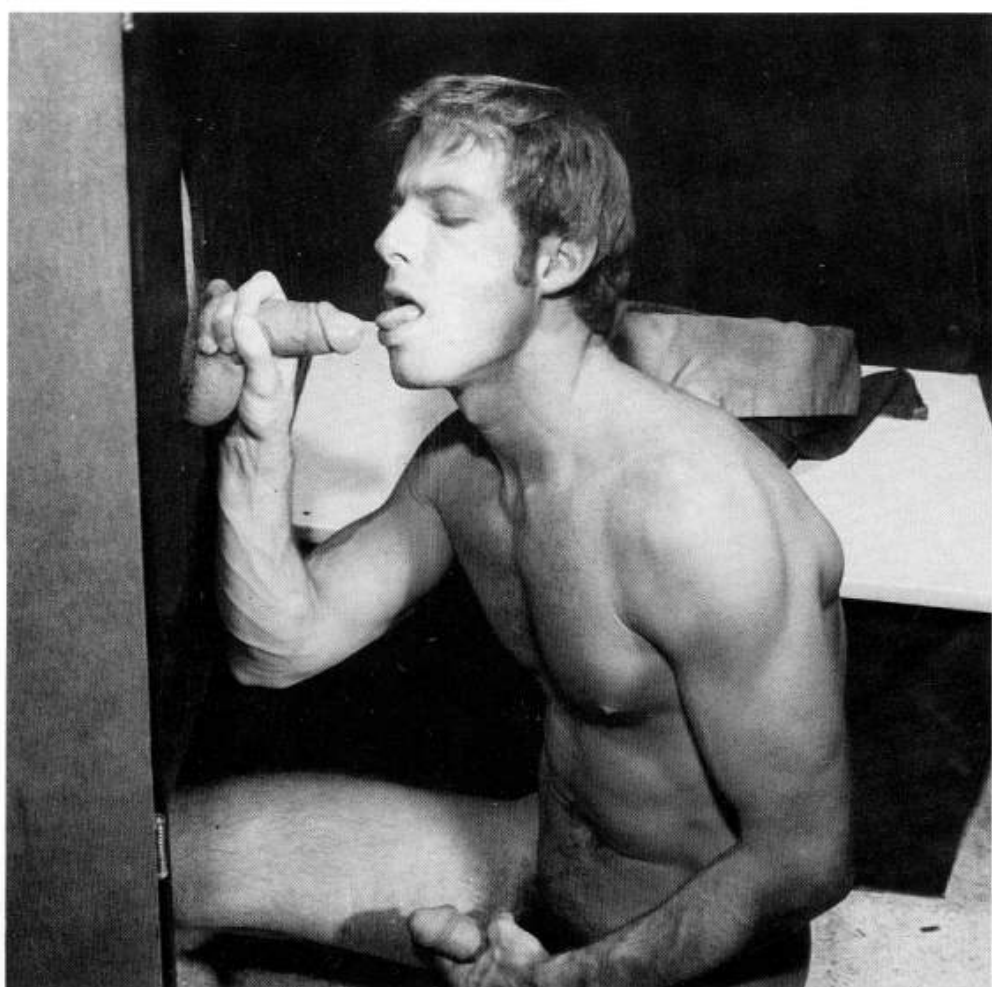


from the strain of his position, and the very touch of them drove me wild with passion. I sucked on his bone for all I was worth, forgetting all about the photographer in my lust.

I could have stayed with Stan all night long—I have in the past and probably will again in the future—but the gasps and groans he was letting out as I sucked him off had attracted the attention of Bill Griffin, a super-macho stud with a beard and a motorcycle (he brought the beard in with him, but left the motorcycle in the parking lot), and after watching for a while, Bill decided that he'd like a try at this, too. At about the same time, Barry said he thought he'd gotten enough in this room and that we should move on anyway, and so I reluctantly let Bill take over Stan's throbbing prick

Stan didn't mind. He's always said that Bill gave a mighty righteous blow-job, anyway. Barry and







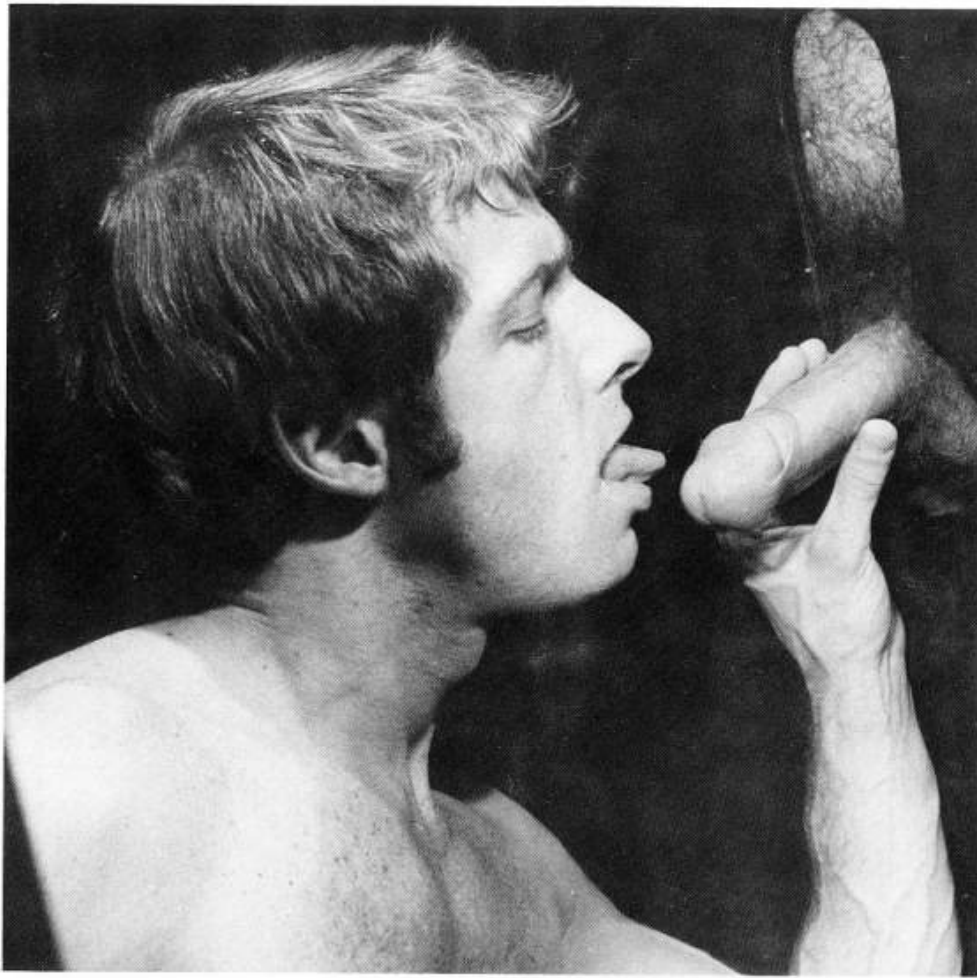
I stayed on a few minutes and watched the action, and I could see that it was a really sexy sight. Even before I saw Barry's pictures of me going down—or is it going *up* in this case?—on Stan, I could tell that they would be quite a turn-on, and I knew that we were going to have a hot little book.

Bill was getting his face buried right down between Stan's thighs, working on his prick with loud slurping sounds that blended with the sighs and gasps and groans that Stan was coming up with and made for an erotic little melody if I've ever heard one.

I hated to leave. Stan's smooth, graceful body looked so sexy stretched out like that, and he was obviously enjoying this unique knob job so much, and I could have just stayed there and beat my meat contentedly while he and Bill got it on. But there was work to be done, and tonight I was not Jack Wrangler, horny guy getting





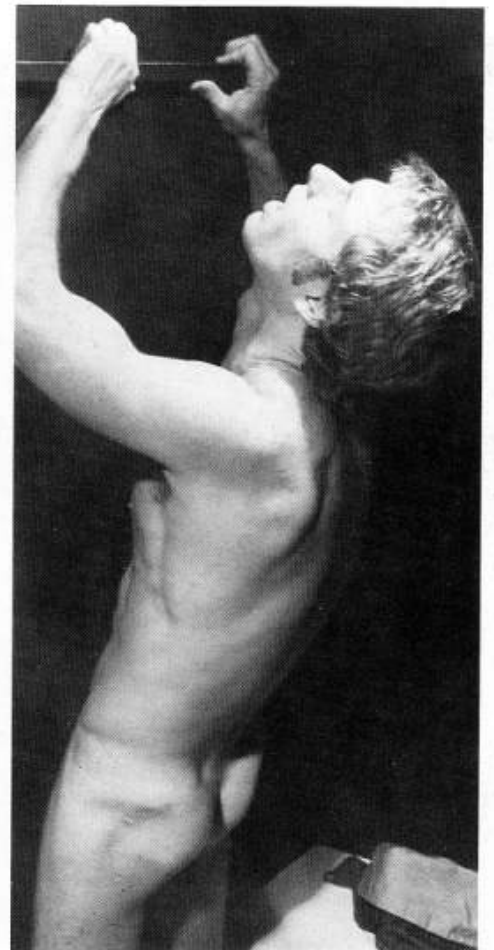
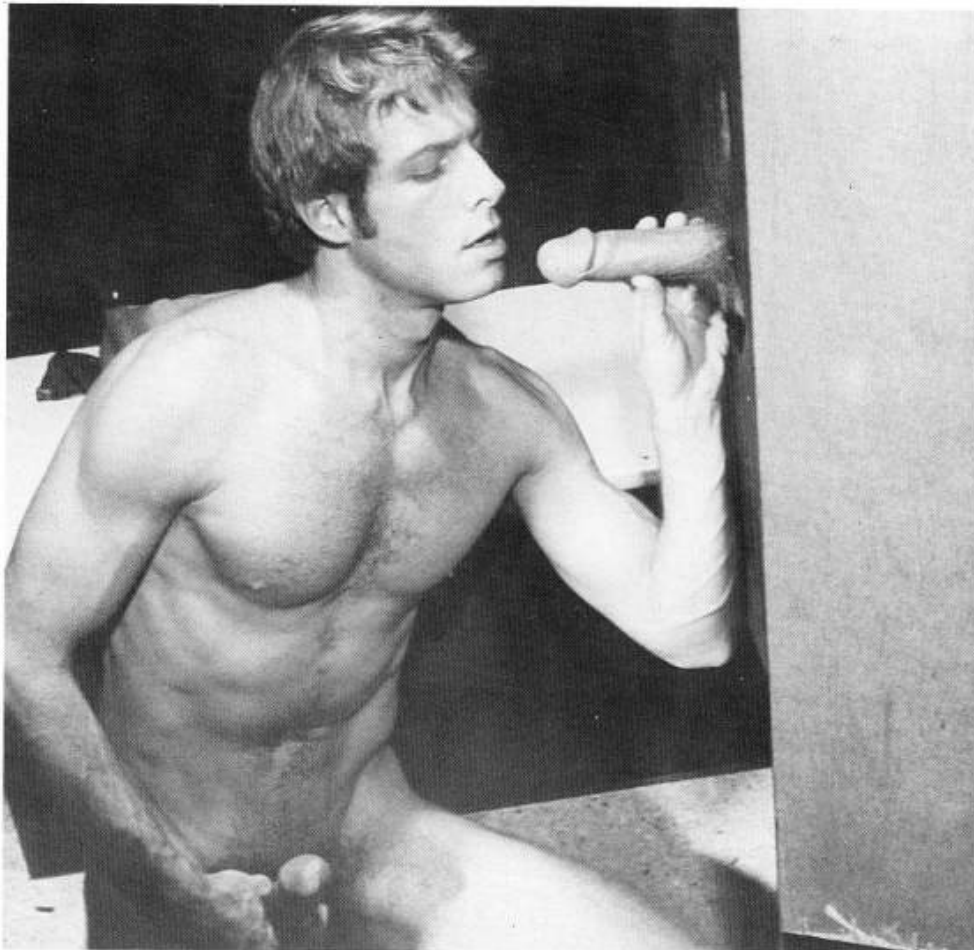


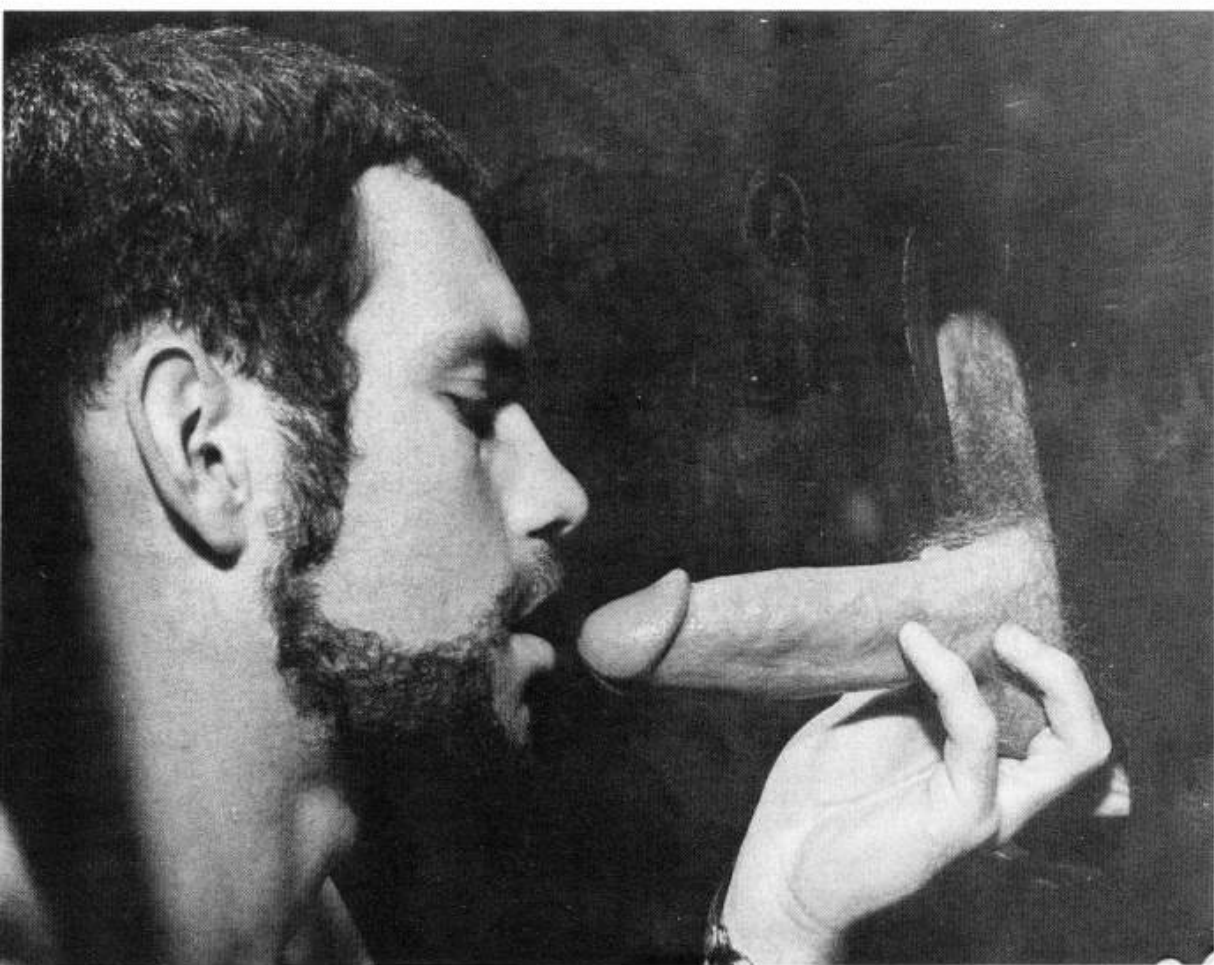
his rocks off; I was Jack Wrangler, trusty model who cums on cue, and so it was duty first. Stan would always be there again tomorrow.

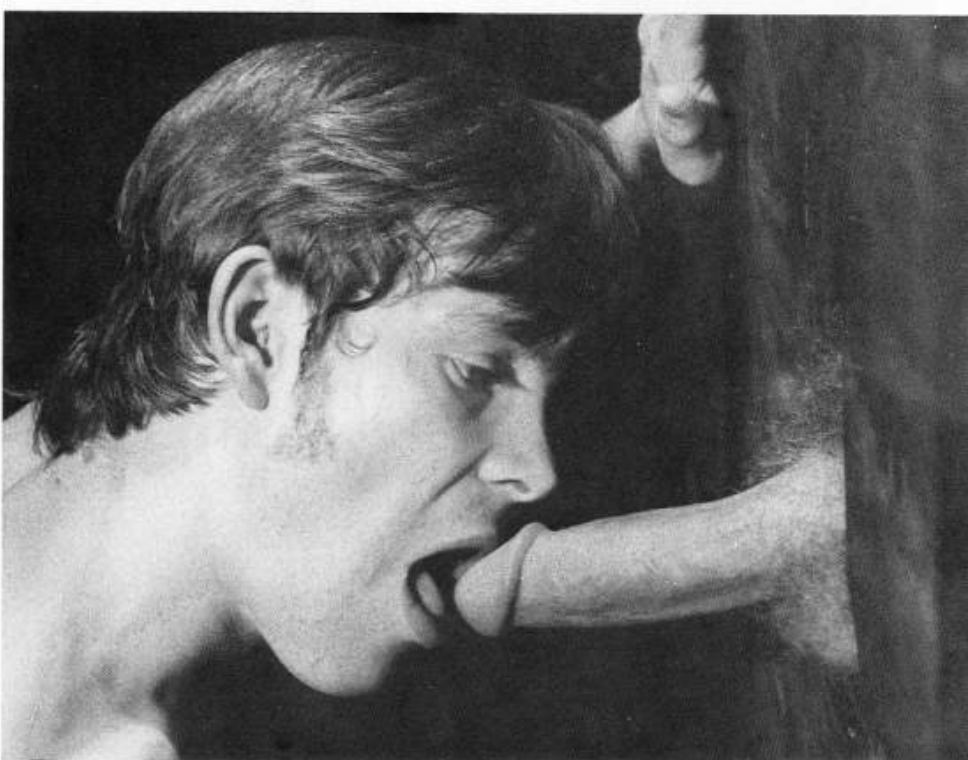
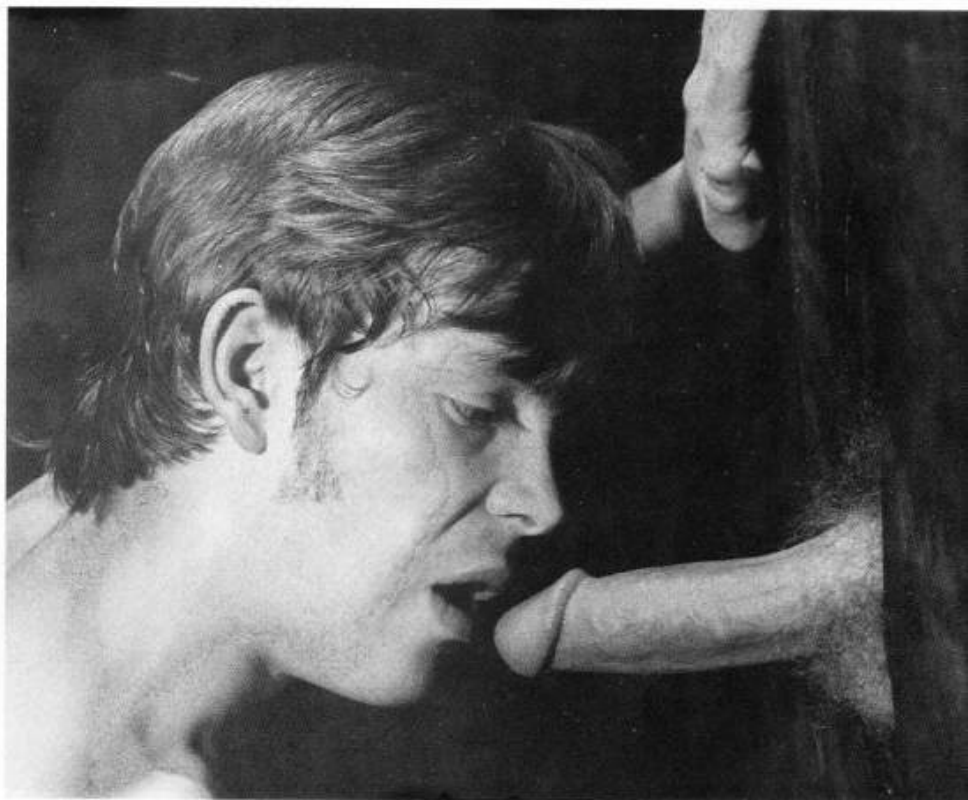
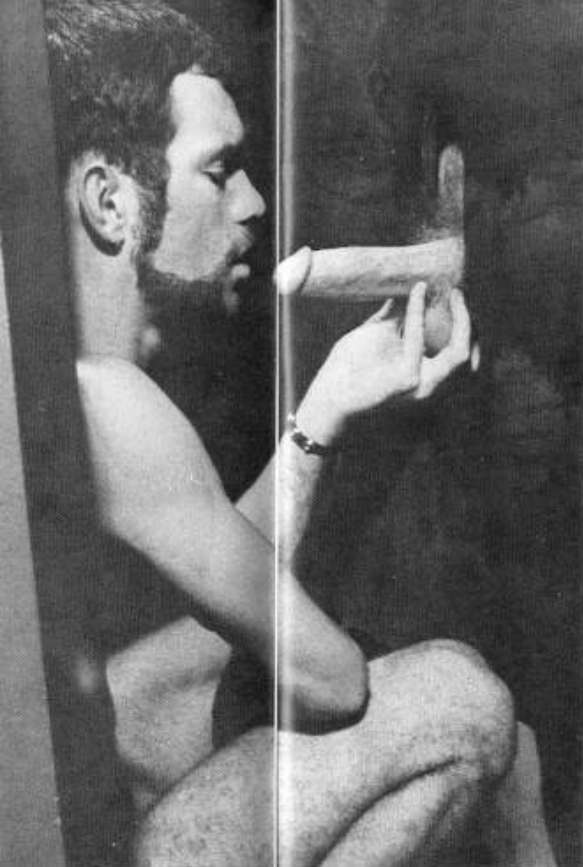
I showed Barry around the club awhile, and before too very long we got to the "Glory Hole" room. It was a narrow room with two other rooms on either side. Nice, healthy-sized glory holes were bored into the walls of both the other rooms.

It didn't seem like we were too long getting to the glory holes but however long it was, Stan got there sooner. I could recognize his face pressed up to one of the holes, his tongue stuck way out and lashing about invitingly. I didn't need a second invitation. I'd gotten a good, stiff hard-on from watching him and Bill, and I was happy to have it attended to!

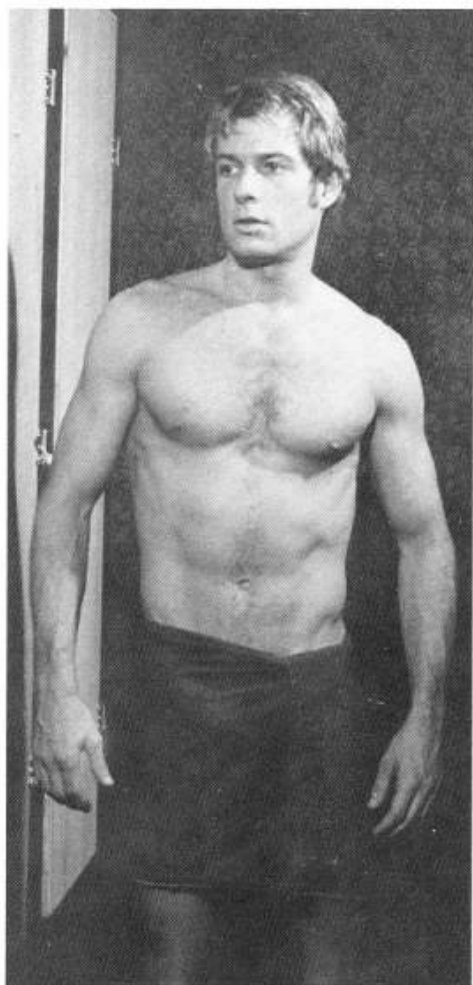
I thought that I was about as hard as I was going to get—you've got to remember that I had a long,











hot photo session that day already—but the moment Stan's soft, wet tongue first grazed the tip of my cockhead my prick started straining for more until I was in agony.

I stepped up close to the hole, sticking my aching cock through it and into Stan's receptive mouth. His tongue gently massaged the underside of my shaft while the rest of his mouth caressed my prick warmly, and immediately the cum in my balls started boiling away. I pushed forward eagerly, thrilling to the excitement of his erotic touch.

Even with my head swimming as it was, I thought that I felt a second mouth working on my prick, also, and sure enough, when I looked down again I saw Bill's bristling beard thrust through the hole! Somehow he had taken over from Stan, and I had hardly noticed! Of course, I didn't care. At that point, I wouldn't have cared

